

EXTRA.  
WULFERS' ANNEX.

The Evidence that Caused  
The Evening World to In-  
clude It in the List.

Called Out by the Threat of a  
Suit for Libel.

The Police Report, Its Own In-  
vestigation and Evidence of the  
Excise Board's President.

All the Dive Annexes Closed Except  
Two, and They Did Little  
Business.

## NEW YORK'S OUTLAWS.

(A Table Subject to Daily Change.)

BILLY McGLORY. In the Penitentiary.

Indicted, Dive Closed for Good.

CAIRY WELCH.

Indicted, Dive Closed for Good.

AUGUST GUIDON.

Indicted, Dive Closed for Good.

FRANK STEVENSON.

In hiding, Dive Closed for Good.

ALFRED DAVIS.

Dive Closed for Good.

LOUIS WALTERS.

Indicted, Dive Closed for Good.

DANIEL SCRIBNER.

Indicted, Dive Closed for Good.

JIM SULLIVAN. Dive Closed for Good.

JOHN KELLY.

Indicted, Dive Annex Closed.

THOMAS McGOVERN.

Indicted, Dive Annex Closed.

J. H. McGUIRK.

Indicted, Dive Annex Closed.

PAUL MCCARTHY.

Indicted, Dive Annex Closed.

JOHN J. McALLEN.

Indicted, Dive Annex Closed.

CHARLES SMITH.

Indicted, Dive Annex Closed.

JOHN J. MURPHY.

Dive Annex Closed.

JOHN WULFERS. Dive Annex Closed.

KEEPER OF THE LENOX.

Dive Annex Closed.

EDMON BUTTNER. Dive Annex Closed.

LOUIS STAJER. Dive Wide Open.

IGNATZ BUTTNER. Dive Wide Open.

in character, and in every way as  
legitimate as any saloon in the city.

As your article is clearly libellous,  
and tends to the injury of a legiti-  
mate business, in which Mr. Wul-  
fers has invested over \$25,000, we  
are constrained to insist that you  
retract the statement referred to in  
the above article within a reason-  
able time, or we shall institute suit  
against your paper for libel.

Yours truly,  
CULVER & ANTHONY,  
Attorneys for John Wulfers.

## THE CLOSE OF WULFERS' ANNEX.

It Followed the Arrests Through  
"The Evening World's" Crusade.

Immediately following the wholesale ar-  
rests of the dive annexes, the Evening  
World's crusade, Mr. John Wulfers shut  
down his princely back-room, turned on the  
gas, and left the harp of Thirteenth street  
without a rendezvous except the street.

When an Evening World investigator and  
artist dropped into the "Universe" on Tues-  
day evening, Jan. 12, the back room was  
lightly closed and deserted, and there  
was a dearth of business even at the bar.

The night was a terrible one and the rain  
fell in torrents, yet outside, on the very  
threshold of the Thirteenth street entrance  
to the annex, stood several females, whose  
fascination for the place still kept them as  
near as possible to the palatial accommo-  
dations they had been so suddenly deprived of.

They could not gain admittance to the  
place because Wulfers had become fearful that  
their presence would "break" him, as it  
had done McGUIRK and some others, and this  
fact was plainly evident from a guarded and  
very brief conversation between a barkeeper  
and a male frequenter in the place.

The latter, a tall, slim, smooth-faced young  
man with light hair, entered the barroom  
hurriedly and walked back to the assignation  
room. Seeing that all was dark he walked  
over to the bar and remarked to the presiding  
genius behind it:

"Was the waiter in back to-night?"

"The barkeeper hesitated and glanced suspi-  
ciously around the room.

"Getting a little leery, eh?" blurted out the  
other.

"Well, yes, just at present," replied the  
barkeeper, with a look that plainly indicated  
"shut up!"

The investigator and artist left the saloon,  
and passing around the corner were con-  
fronted at the side door by the unfortunate  
female females, whose plight was increased by  
the driving rain. Both young men were  
promptly solicited.

On at least eight different nights and at  
least a dozen different times the same in-  
vestigator has been solicited and even  
forcibly grasped by these harpies as they  
stood along Wulfers' saloon on Thirteenth  
street. On one occasion two or three  
nights ago one of these females was repulsed  
by a man at the side saloon door, and at its  
very threshold she turned and "braced" the  
investigator.

CONSCIOUSLY FITTED UP.  
Wulfers' place is called the "Universe." It  
is on the southwest corner of University  
place and Thirteenth street, is fitted up "re-  
gardless," and ranks with the finest and most  
gorgeous drinking places of this great metropoli-  
tan. The striking feature of the barroom is  
the multiplicity of mirrors.

You walk up to the bar to get a drink and  
come face to face with an immense reflector  
that extends the whole length of the capaci-  
ous bar, turn around and step over to the  
milk-counter, which, by the way, detracts  
from the general appearance of the place.

As one enters the place, one sees a hungry  
man like yourself approaching from the op-  
posite direction; you start to light a cigar  
and another man, whom you soon discover to  
be your reflection, grabs the lighter from you;  
in fact, in every direction you turn your  
every act is mirrored, until the thing gets to  
be almost a nuisance.

At the lower end of the saloon is a full-  
length glass that gives the appearance of a  
long corridor tastefully trimmed in cherry,  
as is the rest of the saloon. A few steps in  
that direction, however, ends the deception  
and again you come face to face with your-  
self, or rather your own reflection.

THE "BACK ROOM."  
On either side of this huge mirror are swing-  
ing doors that open into Wulfers' "back  
room," the princely assignation-room in  
New York City. Entrance to this room is also,  
or rather, was, up to a little over a week ago,  
through a door on Thirteenth street, but this  
is now kept tightly closed and the former  
habitués lurk about its portals, in lieu of  
better headquarters, and patiently lie in wait  
for the weary but wealthy patronage.

An undisturbed description of Wulfers' an-  
nex would tell to do justice; it needs the  
brush and colors of an artist. Ultra-fascina-  
tion people might make the ultra-unfascina-  
tion objection that it is altogether too "loud,"  
but Wulfers has shown his good sense here,  
by, by catering to the "loud" taste of the  
people who frequent his establishment.

As one enters the room through the beauti-  
ful ground-floor door on Thirteenth street, he is con-  
fronted by a large screen—strange that  
screens should be necessary to conceal  
"respectable" people in a "respectable"  
resort—but turning to the right you find  
yourself immediately in the presence of gorge-  
ousness that at first staggers you.

FLOOR OF MARBLE SLABS.  
The floor is of marble slabs, massive, egi-  
ant and no doubt costly. Along both sides  
of the room are distributed elegantly polished  
cherry tables and chairs, with seating ac-  
commodations for at least fifty people. The  
woodwork is highly polished, and the general  
beauty of the entire place keeps everything  
glistening in the brilliant light that is shed  
from numerous electric gasolene lamps.

Wulfers couldn't keep his passion for mir-  
rors out of his back room either, and at the  
lower end of the room, directly over the  
stairs leading down to the basement, he  
has placed another heavy plate-glass that  
enables you to watch nearly every one in the  
room without leaving your seat.

But it is the ceiling that catches the eye in  
Wulfers' back room. Both overhead and side  
walls glisten and sparkle with a preparation  
that resembles hammered brass more than  
anything else.

Cherry wainscoting runs part way up the  
side walls, and the ornament, which is  
fantastically executed in almost every conceiv-  
able design. When brilliantly lit up the en-  
tire room sparkles like some subterranean  
cavern whose vaulted roof is studded with  
stalactites and brilliant gems.

Add to the scene a score or more of finely  
dressed women, attired in every color and  
shade known to man or nature, and you have  
a scene not equalled in any other resort of  
the kind in this big metropolis.

But these added features are wanting now,  
and the regal decorations of vice's most mag-  
nificent grove are now shrouded in darkness.

THE EVENING WORLD'S INVESTIGATION.  
Early in the crusade an Evening World in-  
vestigator visited the annex of Wulfers' Un-  
iverse place, southwest corner of  
University place and Thirteenth street, on  
four nights in succession, Jan. 1, 2, 3 and 4.

Jan. 3 was Sunday, and liquors were openly  
sold over the bar and served to all who called  
for them in the assignation room.

The investigator's attention was on the  
night of Jan. 1, first called to the annex by a  
crowd of women who stood in front of the  
Thirteenth street entrance and accosted all  
men who went by.

Every passer-by had to run the gauntlet of  
these abandoned creatures.

First one attracted the investigator's atten-  
tion by a blatant "Put 'em up!" as he was  
hurrying along.

Meeting with no encouragement she made  
no further effort, but a second one was more  
brazen and bold. She planted herself directly  
in front of him, and addressing him famil-  
iarily, asked him to accompany her to a  
neighboring house. On being refused, she  
said:

"Well, if you won't go with me where I  
want you to, you might come into Wulfers' and  
buy me a drink. It's pretty cold stand-  
ing on this sidewalk all night."

bers of my command in whom I have con-  
fidence. There is no doubt about it."

PRESIDENT MEAKIN'S STATEMENT.  
Mr. Meakin, of the Excise Board, said yes-  
terday:

"Reports having been made that 72 Un-  
iversity place was a resort for prostitutes and  
their associates, I sent for Mr. John Wulfers  
to come before me. I told him of the allega-  
tions, and said that unless he conducted his  
establishment in a different manner that I  
would break his license. I said to him:

"I want the place back of your barroom  
closed, and unless you do it voluntarily I will  
force you to do it."

"All right," Wulfers replied, "I will close  
it."

From investigation made immediately after  
this Mr. Meakin found that Wulfers had  
closed the place.

"Some time later, while riding past with  
Chief Bresnan, of the Sixth Battalion," said  
Mr. Meakin, "I saw Wulfers' place."

"I saw Wulfers has shut up his annex."

"Yes," said Bresnan, "but I fancy it's in  
order to improve it."

"Some time after this I learned that Wul-  
fers had again opened his annex. The period  
during which he had closed on his promise to  
me had been used for refurbishing and re-  
decorations. A marble floor was put in, and the  
walls and ceilings were covered with metal  
that glittered like gold in the light cast by  
the crystal-covered electric lamps.

"I am told that he spent \$15,000 in fix-  
ing it up. His annex is now as the land-  
mark of his kind in New York. I went for  
him again on Sept. 23 last, when I again told  
Wulfers he must shut down. He said that he  
did not let women in. Later I found that  
women were going in, and that the annex  
was a resort for prostitutes and men they  
pick up in the streets and take in there."

"I made a personal investigation. On a  
number of occasions I had been solicited in  
front of Wulfers' place, and had been asked  
by street-walkers to go into Wulfers' with  
them and stand treat."

"There is no doubt about Wulfers keeping  
an assignation-room annex. A place of as-  
signation is simply where the assignation is  
made."

"Since THE EVENING WORLD began its  
crusade against New York's haunts of vice  
Wulfers has shut up his annex in admission  
that he was doing an unlawful business."

"No decent person cares to walk by his door  
at night. The Thirteenth street, between his  
corner and Fifth street, is a den of prosti-  
tutes. The fact that his place is more hand-  
somely decorated and elegant than the other  
assignation rooms in the city makes it all the  
worse."

SAW A DRUNKEN WOMAN THROWN OUT.  
"Once when I summoned Wulfers before  
the Excise Board, I saw a drunken woman  
thrown out of his door. I am willing to  
go before the Grand Jury and testify to  
the nature of Wulfers' place, to the fact that  
I have been solicited by street walkers to  
go into his place and asked to go into it.  
I had the Excise Commission before me headed  
by Chief Bresnan, and I did not get a  
single word from him."

"When I asked for the report of the police  
on this place I received from Capt. Ryan the  
statement that it was a resort for prostitutes  
and their associates and that the last arrest  
through violation of the Excise law was  
made on Jan. 10."

WULFERS' PARTLY LIT UP HIS BACK-  
ROOM EARLY LAST EVENING, and the un-  
wonted appearance of the place at first sug-  
gested the belief that he was doing business  
as usual.

The swarm of Thirteenth street harpies  
that hovered outside, however, betrayed  
this belief, and it was finally dispelled after  
several Evening World investigators  
who dropped in at frequent intervals  
during the evening but saw no women were  
in the back room.

Wulfers has a little "private office" in the  
back room of the back room, and a report on  
the corridor that leads to the back  
room. In this little room there was a man  
and woman shortly after 10 o'clock, but their  
behavior was gentlemanly and ladylike and  
their conversation proper.

A stalwart policeman stood on the corner,  
in front of the main entrance and kept a close  
watch on the females. When they approached  
too near to Wulfers' he, too, slowly drifted  
down to the side door, and the small army of  
"strikers" wheeled and beat a rapid retreat.

An investigator who walked through East  
Thirteenth street from Fifth avenue at 10  
o'clock last night, was accosted by depraved  
women several times, and was told to go into  
fifty feet of Wulfers' annex, where he was  
hailed by a group of the creatures.

BARKED OUT.  
To learn whether the annex was again  
open for business he offered to buy them a  
drink.

"There's no place to get a drink," spoke up  
one of the women.

"What's the matter with Wulfers'?" he  
asked.

"Oh, he won't let us in now."

"Since when?"

"Oh, a week or two. He got into some  
trouble with the Excise and closed the annex  
and he won't let us in now."

"But the room is all lighted up to-night?"

"That's all right, but the door's locked."

The investigator then entered the barroom  
by way of the University place entrance.

Apart from the young man behind the bar  
and another behind the cash counter there  
was no solitary person in the place.

While drinking a glass of seltzer the inves-  
tigator remarked to the lone-looking  
"barkeep":

"Rather quiet around here."

"Yes," was the answer, "it's pretty quiet  
just now."

"What is the cause of it all?"

"Oh, we thought it'd be better to keep quiet  
for a while until excitement blows over."

And Four More Gutter-  
burg Bookmakers  
Put Under Bonds.

GOOD CARD, WRETCHED TRACK

Many Falls for Horses and Nar-  
row Escapes for Jockeys.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)  
GUTTENBURG RACE TRACK, JAN. 23.—The  
constables of the Law and order League  
made another raid on Guttenburg to-day, if  
indeed, the proceedings can be called a raid.

There were no forces of men at the gates  
for the purpose of keeping out Capt. Graham  
and his men. Everything was wide open and  
any one could stalk through by giving up his  
little dollar.

Just after the first race, Capt. Graham and  
his men appeared at the gate. They came  
through unmolested and proceeded to the  
grand stand.

They were met by Mr. J. C. Carr, of the  
Jockey club, who bowed to the captain pol-  
itely, and the latter returned the salutation  
with a cheerless smile.

A whispered conference was held and the  
entire party proceeded to the rooms of the  
Executive Committee.

"Now, what do you want?" asked Mr.  
Carr, when the committee room was reached.

"The Granite, the Metropolitan, the El-  
dorado Club, the Chelsea."

"Hold on," interrupted Mr. Carr, "all of  
these people have gone to Gloucester."

The next four that Graham mentioned,  
however, were on the track, and they were  
not to be left out.

Coches were waiting, and the entire party  
was driven to Eugene Leigh's stable, where  
Justice Lockwood was holding court.

Bail was given for Bookmakers Thomas  
Ruler, William D. Carney, William Henry  
and Leonard Fort in \$500 each.

Everything was done quietly and politely  
and the four ended.

The racing to-day was a disgrace to the  
track. The horses were all lame, and the  
track was full of holes and horses  
stumbled at every step. Racing over such  
a track is a disgrace to the sport.

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